

Half

I am all that is wrong with the Old World,
and half of what troubles the New.

I have not seen Spain or the Philippines,
Holland or Indonesia. In the other room,

my grandfather nods off in front
of *Wheel of Fortune*. I have seen his Japan

in photos—the last good suit he wore,
grey, tailored in Kyushu. Believe

Pat Sajak is a saviour: he divines new riches
like water hidden from a dowser's

willow switch, trembling through
unfamiliar territories, proffered

like a makeshift cross. The same
strange faith should be proof enough

of my current crisis. There was a game
we once played. I'm in it now.

The wheel turns, strobes its starlight
across another centrifuge, that spinning globe,

a kid's finger skimming its surface,
waiting for it to stop. *This is where I'll live.*

MICHAEL PRIOR